NATIONAL REVIEW

25 Cents

December 7, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Some Implications of the Sputniki

WILLY LEY

How to Deal with Conservative Professors

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A New Clericalism

J. J. MAGUIRE

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
L. BRENT BOZELL · ROBERT PHELPS · RALPH DE TOLEDANO
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For the Record

A veteran of Pearl Harbor wonders whether "For the Record" readers can recall what they were doing on December 7, 1941—and reminds us that General George C. Marshall never has been able to recall what he was doing....The officers and most of the trustees of the Naval Academy Alumni Association have sent Admiral Husband E. Kimmel a resolution expressing their "firm belief" in his "patriotism, loyalty, ability, fortitude and devotion to duty" before, during and after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

A panel discussion leader at the recent meeting of the National Lawyers' Guild in New York urged public support of recent Supreme Court decisions, because the Court "is a political body" and likes to see public endorsement of its acts....Justice Douglas told a Midwest lecture audience that the future of the Orient will be decided by the competition for leadership between Communist Mao and Socialist Nehru....Prime Minister Nehru, in Parliament, has called U.S.-aided community development projects the key to Indian national self-reliance....India has just received a $125 million loan from the USSR and hopes to get at least $500 million from the U.S.

White House TV advisers are dismayed by the public response to the President's "chins up" talks. His Oklahoma appearance was "outrated" by Walt Disney's "Zorro." ...Texas political leaders of both parties are up in arms since the Supreme Court decision in November giving five gulf states 45 days to answer a government move to take over oil rights. Quotes from Eisenhower's 1952 speech in Houston, stating that Texas owned "the submerged area extending three marine leagues seaward" (ten and a half miles), are being readied for every voter's mailbox.

Resignations from the CIA—at the operational and working level—have reached an all-time high in the year since the Hungarian uprising. Frustration and disgust are given as reasons for leaving. No resignations are reported at the policy and planning level....Soviet gold is reportedly flooding Europe again, with exports reaching the $50 million mark in the past three weeks. It's said that the Reds need hard currency to buy raw materials and to finance their worldwide propaganda.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the second and third weeks in August, by National Weekly, Inc. Copyrighted 1957 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.

EDITORIAL AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES:
211 East 37th St.
New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone MUrray Hill 2-0941

RATES: Twenty-five cents a copy, $8.00 a year, $15.00 for two years. Foreign, $10.00 a year; Canada, $9.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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The WEEK

● Nikita Khrushchev has challenged the U.S. to compete with Soviet Russia "in the peaceful things such as the production of radios and televisions and vacuum cleaners, any kind of cleaners." Knowing the Soviet ability to surfeit its own population and those of its satellites with all manner of high-grade consumers' goods, we would not be surprised to hear tomorrow that one of the Barnum and Bailey midgets had challenged Ted Williams to a home-run hitting contest. Or, as the mouse shouted after his third cocktail, "Bring on that goddam cat."

● Operation Rehabilitation of Oppenheimer is entering its final phase. The initial phase was Oppenheimer's consolidation in his post at the Institute for Advanced Studies. The next phase was the Murrow telecast-movie and the pains the Liberals took to cause everyone to see it; and the next, of course, Oppenheimer's appointment to a year's tenure of the James professorship at Harvard. In the background, always, there has been the sustaining chorus of doleful voices deploring the nation's loss of the services of so brilliant a scientist, its overemphasis on security, its savage persecution of the repentant sinner. The refrains were borrowed from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s famous article proving that Oppenheimer must be forgiven because the Soviets already had all the information Oppenheimer could have given them before he could have given it to them. Now—with the inevitability of a Dostoevsky denouement—the demand, from a new and more authoritative and more official quarter every day, that the Oppenheimer case be "reopened" and (else why reopen it?) decided differently this time. The man, moreover, is not visible on the horizon who might do the things that would have to be done in order to prevent it.

● Former President Herbert Hoover has been looking into the question, Why are our colleges and universities graduating only half the number of scientists and engineers they graduated in 1950? Not, he thinks, because our college freshmen are intellectually inferior to their predecessors; not because those with a bent toward science or mathematics don't go on to college; but because our high schools are giving training in algebra and geometry to only 12 per cent of their students, training in chemistry to only 7 per cent, and training in physics to only 5 per cent. The remedy, according to Mr. Hoover? Let local school boards force 13 and 14-year-olds to take mathematics and science—even, one supposes—the situation being one of genuine emergency—if typing, auto-driving, and home economics get left out.

● Moscow's post-Sputnik terror campaign is zeroing in on its first specific target: the NATO plan to establish launching bases for United States missiles in West European nations, starting with Great Britain. "One day," Khrushchev told William Randolph Hearst, Jr., "the European peoples will awaken from their slumber and recognize the folly of depending on NATO. . . . We might strike Norway or Denmark or places like that." *Soviet Russia*, journal of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, called the proposal for missile bases in Britain "a game of madness," and declared that for each missile launched against Russia, Britain will get ten in return. The United States, it added, "is forcing on western Europe all kinds of ways for suicide." Can it be that the terrorist is terrified?

● What the Eisenhower Administration needs for the December NATO meeting is not new proposals about weapons, but new premises about policy: about what NATO is and about the kind of leadership the United States must offer to the NATO countries. And the time to state those premises, and begin to apply them, is not December 16 but *now*, in the simultaneous crises posed by France over Tunisia and Germany over future control of German-based intermediate range missiles. Both crises reflect the failure of our postwar Administrations to assert in a responsible manner the *power* of the United States, to think of NATO in the context of that power, and to claim for the United States the free hand, in military decisions, that someone *must* have if the West is to be successfully defended.

● White Plains, New York, we see, is hard on the heels of Chappaqua in the contest to build the most extravagant high school in fashionable Westchester County. (The reader may recall the crushing list of misfortunes enumerated in Priscilla Buckley's "Chappaqua Builds its Dream School," in the June 1 issue.) Also designed by the famed Perkins and Wills, the White Plains senior high school was started 18 months ago at an estimated cost of $7,500,000. That sum is now found to be totally inadequate and the school board is asking the voters to approve another $2,500,000 bond issue. With Sputnik in the skies, the board probably will get it, too.

● We rejoice that the response to the appeal by friends and admirers of Fulton Lewis, Jr. has been such as to virtually guarantee that he will continue to speak, nightly, on the Mutual Network. Fulton Lewis was saved by the concerted patronage of those

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firms which, defying the boycott, have been sponsoring Mr. Lewis locally. Mr. Lewis' friends showed—and must continue to show—the same kind of determination not to be pushed around that has enabled the Kohler Company to survive Mr. Reuther's vindictiveness. We have frequently cheered Fulton Lewis, Jr. Today we also cheer his friends.

● "I cannot substitute my judgment for that of the Supreme Court. I am bound to follow it. I reluctantly grant the motion." Thus spoke Federal Judge Edward M. Curran, in acquitting Dr. Otto Nathan of contempt of Congress. Dr. Nathan, an associate professor of economics at New York University who is executor under the will of Albert Einstein, had refused to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities whether he had ever been a Communist. But under the *Watkins* rule, Judge Curran felt he had no choice but to set him free.

● Two American-owned packing plants in Uruguay will close in December because of 1) the livestock shortage caused by controlled prices, 2) continued labor troubles (the government and the dominant union confederation work hand in glove), and 3) the establishment of a nationalized packing plant with a monopoly of the Montevideo market. One result: 12,000 workers in South America's model welfare state are out of a job.

● Writing in the Tax Foundation Inc.'s *Tax Review*, Fred R. Fairchild, Knox Professor Emeritus of Economics at Yale, comes up with a most practical proposal for cutting the federal budget and, simultaneously, providing more federal money for missile needs. Professor Fairchild would limit federal functions to those which were originally assigned to the central government by the states in the Constitution. The savings thus effected—about ten billion dollars—would leave a taxable surplus which, in Professor Fairchild's estimation, would provide plenty of margin for increasing taxes for missiles. We commend Professor Fairchild's proposal to his juniors, who now hold down the teaching posts in the economics department at Yale.

● Lots of people know how to get elected and lots of people know the nature of our crisis, but most generally they turn out to be different people. Robert Morris knows how to get elected (he was once elected to a judgeship in midtown Manhattan, and against very dirty opposition); and, heaven knows, he understands the Communist menace both domestic and external. At this writing he broods in New Jersey, trying to decide whether to seek the Republican nomination for the seat to be vacated by Senator Alexander Smith, who has just announced his retirement. Judge Morris lives at Point Pleasant, with wife and four children, and citizens of New Jersey who are serious about their country's future should be in touch with him, and give themselves something to vote for in November.

● The alleged facts: the Pennsylvania Railroad had in its employ, in 1946, 200 dining-car stewards with white skins; today it has only one hundred. The charge: The Pennsy (say three of its stewards) is deliberately replacing white stewards with Negro stewards. The defense: Not so. Dining-car business is shrinking, besides which dining cars are giving way to dining-lounge cars, which are serviced, under an agreement between the railway and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, not by stewards but by waiters; and the new waiters are Negroes with seniority status. The court: the National Railway Adjustment Board. Our prediction: the white stewards will lose.

● In 1956, Mr. Justice Douglas was seen at the Soviet Embassy's annual party in honor of the 1917 Communist *Putsch*. He was also seen at the 1957 party. And what we want to know is: Was he maybe there the entire year?

The Comintern Looks Ahead

In 1943, at Franklin Roosevelt's request, the Kremlin politely "liquidated" the Communist International. That is, the name and postoffice address were dropped from the Moscow city directory. The world revolutionary operations of the Communist enterprise continued as usual, under the direction of the Soviet high command.

Last month, following the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik insurrection, the Comintern representatives stayed on in Moscow to get their orders for the period ahead. Besides the secret directives, two public documents were issued: a declaration by the representatives of the Communist governments (except Yugoslavia), and a manifesto by the sixty-four principal Communist Parties of the world (including the Yugoslav but not the American Party).

The 1957 Comintern political outlook, as displayed in the published texts, proceeds from these principles:

1. The Soviet state and its handmaiden, the Soviet Communist Party, continues to have an absolute priority in the strategy of the world revolution. Soviet leadership is not to be questioned. The defense and strengthening of the Soviet Union continues to be the supreme duty of all revolutionists. In Orwellian phraseology: all Communists are equal, but Russian Communists are more equal than others.

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2. Strategically the world is now divided into: a) the "camp of socialism," 950 million strong, led by the Soviet Union; b) the "friendly," "peace-loving" associated camp, including chiefly the former colonial areas of Asia and Africa; c) the warmongering imperialist camp, consisting of the United States and its Western lackeys.

3. The main propaganda line is to be peace plus missiles (*i.e.*, carrot plus stick) joined to anti-imperialism (*i.e.*, support of Afro-Asian and Latin American nationalism wherever this is directed against the Western powers).

4. In tactics, the struggle for state power is to proceed primarily by the indirect route of the united and popular front rather than through a straight advance under the open banner of Communism.

5. The main world strategic aim for the next phase of the world revolution is the isolation ("encirclement") of the West, and of the United States within the West.

Color Is the Key

It looks as if the Political Committee of the United Nations may adopt a resolution urging the Netherlands to resume negotiations with Indonesia over northwestern New Guinea, which is claimed by Indonesia but held by the Dutch. Indonesia has threatened to use force if the matter is not immediately settled (in her favor, of course). Indonesia is virtually assured of a UN victory, having won the backing of the Afro-Asian group, the Soviet bloc and many Latin-American nations.

Now New Guinea is a big piece of real estate. It is the world's second largest island. Though geographically a part of the Malayan archipelago, it has little else in common with the Republic of Indonesia. The Indonesians are in their majority a Malayan people, with straight dark hair, slant eyes, and yellow skin. They are predominantly Moslem. Their civilization is relatively advanced. They are not related, ethnically or culturally, to the frizzy-haired black race which inhabits Dutch New Guinea. The natives there (half of them pygmies) still practice cannibalism, worship the dead, and live in wild mountains in stone age conditions. They are more interested in headhunting than in democracy, and are entirely unaffected by the passion for a Far Eastern "enosis."

Indonesia has no legitimate interest in Dutch New Guinea. What she is doing is declaring herself the heir apparent to that portion of the Dutch Empire which lies within reach and asking world-wide legitimization of her ambitions. But she is supported in her propaganda battle by nations so color blind they believe an imperialist, to be an imperialist, must be white and Western.

Kreuttner

"You say it's raining—therefore you must defend to the death my right to equivocate, hair-split and belabor the theme that it may not be raining in Calcutta, that in some parts of the world during the monsoon season this might be considered just a heavy dew, and that when you say it's raining do you mean raining officially or just actually?"

Task of Sisyphus

Guatemala, according to the young men in Washington who tell you they work at the Central Intelligence Agency by discreetly not telling you where they work, is the living proof that "we" can do it too. The Communists took over the government there; "we" decided that wouldn't do; "we" machinated; and overnight Guatemala became a model democracy with not a Communist in sight, and able to consume $50 million of foreign aid in three years.

Until recently, moreover, it really looked as if "we" had brought if off, especially since "their" counter-moves were quiet, unobtrusive, and for the most part unreported: concentration of the key figures in the ousted government in a single country (Mexico, of course); undercover negotiations with student and labor groups inside Guatemala, with tidy

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The War on Secretary Benson

Whether or not the Farm Belt demagogues succeed in getting Ezra Taft Benson fired—by way of a "requested" resignation—from his post as Secretary of Agriculture, the American farmer, once the moral backbone of the Republic, is fast on his way toward earning an uncontested right to the title of World's Number One Ingrate. Not all farmers, of course, are acting in an unseemly way toward their Secretary, but there are enough of them playing the part of curmudgeon to blacken the whole tribe.

What is it that Mr. Benson has done to the farmers to merit their widely advertised "loss of confidence" in him? Well, it is true that "cousin Ezra" would like to see the farmer stand on his own feet in an honestly competitive economy. But Benson's philosophical predilection in favor of freedom has never stood in the way of a most practical and kindly concern for underwriting the farmer's basic income. A good libertarian might, in fact, argue that Ezra Benson has given far too much ground to ideas that were once close to Henry Wallace's own heart. He has, in brief, been the farmer's own politician.

On more than one occasion Benson has declared against any notion that price supports should be abandoned. Only recently, in a speech at the Huron, South Dakota, State Fair, he said: "Let me emphasize that price supports have their function in agriculture —just as social security, unemployment insurance and the like have their function in contributing stability in the whole economy." The only type of price support which the Secretary has opposed is one which prices the farmer out of his market, or forces "controls over farmers," or limits "their right to plant and sell," or "chases acres around, taking them out of one crop and dumping them on others," or "which in the end have the effect only of making prices lower and regimenting farm families."

In brief, Ezra Benson, the friend of "flexible" price supports (as Clinton Anderson and even Henry Wallace had been before him), far from being a truly viable symbol of agricultural *laissez faire*, has done his absolute level best to pull off the magician's trick of guaranteeing the farmer's livelihood without taking away from him the power to make his own decisions.

What more could any farmer ask? Well, it seems that the farmers can ask for plenty more. It isn't enough for them that farm income, in 1957, has increased for the second consecutive peacetime year as Mr. Benson has himself pointed out; or that the parity ratio index rose last summer; or that farm prices have increased each month since last February; or that farm assets are now at an all-time high (with $12 in debt for each $100 of assets); or that farm ownership is more widespread than ever before; or that only one out of three farms has a mortgage; or that farm exports are 16 per cent above those of 1952 (the year of the previous high); or that the surplus holdings of the Commodity Credit Corporation have been reduced one-sixth during the past sixteen months; or that large-scale farms are only about 4 per cent of all commercial farms (meaning that the family farm continues to dominate the scene); or that the Department of Agriculture has cooperated manfully with cattlemen and hog raisers to expand their markets, to provide them with emergency credit, and to bring them drought relief.

It isn't enough that farmers' net equities, as Mr. Benson explains, were at an all-time high last January; or that the government has at least temporarily licked the wheat carry-over problem with the Soil Bank; or that the Department of Agriculture successfully used a program of pork promotion to reverse a downtrend in the price of hogs in 1956; or that increasing farm efficiency has enabled farm owners to get by with much less manpower than of old. No, the simple fact that the farmer isn't doing quite as well as he did during the Korean War years, when he led the rest of the economy in getting aboard the inflation gravy-train, has touched off the most unseemly of campaigns in the Farm Belt to "get Ezra."

No doubt "Ezra" will be "got." The farmers will foist all the blame on Mr. Benson which should be laid at the door of their own cupidity. Here, for example, we have an estimate, vouched for by the Department of Agriculture, that this year's corn crop will be the third largest on record. (This, despite the attempt to keep production down by way of the Soil Bank, "flexible" parity, etc.) By next winter corn will be cheap. It will be a great temptation, then, for hog farmers to lay out their money for corn to be fed to a huge number of piglets. By next autumn the hog crop, a reflex of the corn crop, will very likely be the third largest on record, too. It takes no licensed haruspex to prophesy very low prices for pork around election day in 1958.

In which case, the Republicans will get it in the neck from farmers who have had perfectly adequate warning of the trouble they will be building up for themselves if they go hog-wild on hogs. If the Republicans haven't sacrificed Ezra Benson by then they will certainly do it long before 1960.

Ezra Benson must be getting pretty tired, privately, of hearing that the farmers have lost confidence in him. As for us, we think the Secretary of Agriculture is an extremely forbearing man; he has never announced that he has lost confidence in the farmers.

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amounts of money changing hands; temporary support (in the recent elections) of a right-wing demagogue; a show of force in the streets calculated to destroy even the semblance of democratic government; and, most recently, reinfiltration of the target—at first on a small scale and with less-than-prominent members of the old Communist regime, now on a large scale and, increasingly, with men who held high office in it.

The minimum conclusion is that there are grave troubles ahead in Guatemala, that Central Intelligence is going to have to do it all over again.

Through Any Door

Suppose a man were to offer this sort of argument for turning convicted criminals loose without prison sentences: "Until we stop putting thieves in jail, we shall not know whether they can be trusted forthwith to become honest members of the community." The statement would be true on its face insofar as simple futurity was concerned, but you would hardly take its author to be a) an accomplished logician, or b) an expert on the subject of criminology.

It is just such an argument, however, that George F. Kennan, author of the "containment" policy *vis-à-vis* Soviet Russia, offers in support of his suggestion that American and British forces be withdrawn from West German soil. Speaking over the BBC to a British audience last week, Mr. Kennan said: "Until we stop pushing the Kremlin against a closed door we shall never know whether it will go through an open one."

True enough on its face. The only difficulty about accepting such an argument is that Soviet Russia has never once in its forty-year history behaved in a seemly manner about doors. The tactic advised by Kennan was tried at Yalta, by Churchill and Roosevelt; it was tried again in the Far East when we refrained from backing Chiang Kai-shek by force in the period after 1945; and it was tried, in a manner of speaking, in Hungary just a year ago. The results were what might have been expected: the robber went on robbing.

There are circumstances in which we might safely trade decampments from Europe with Russia. Suppose we were to make it perfectly and credibly plain both to Khrushchev and Europe itself that any subsequent Soviet reoccupation of Poland or Czechoslovakia would be followed by instant atomic retaliation against Moscow from American bases. But that implies a will which we have never yet exhibited. And in any event, it is not an argument that becomes Mr. Kennan, who believes not in "sanctions," but in "containment." And "containment" on trust, at that.

O'er the Ramparts We Watch

One of our spies has sent us a photostatic copy of a one-page "Service Report" (unclassified) dispatched by the Agricultural Attaché of the American Embassy in Caracas to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, headed "Fertility Congress to Meet." The three-paragraph report merely calls attention to the fact that there is to be a Pan American Congress of Fertility in Caracas late next year, and that quite a few people will attend. Beyond those bare facts the report makes two observations: 1) "Sterile couples want children even though the excess of births over deaths may be excessive for the population as a whole"; and 2) "Venezuelans, with their low ratio of people to acres, have a lively interest in fertility as anyone who walks the streets can see for himself."

Now as it happens, we have several times walked the streets of Caracas and we *don't* see for ourselves what the Agricultural Attaché is talking about; but we confess to being out of touch with the rhetoric of the bureaucrats—who certainly know a thing or two about fecundity that nobody else knows. The message undoubtedly has meaning for the 24 persons to whom copies were sent. The Agriculture Department is down for ten copies. State Department gets a mere two. Commerce gets one. Something called DEW (Department of Eugenic Warfare?) gets five. And, finally, CIA gets four. (Perhaps CIA's cryptoanalysts will understand what it is one sees for oneself walking down the streets of Caracas.) We mean to write the Agricultural Attaché and ask if, in his bounty, he won't please put us on his mailing list. The things we'd miss but for the vigilance of our far-flung diplomats makes us *shudder!*

We were contentedly munching a piece of roast chicken—it seemed the only cautious thing to do, flanked as we were by the *Reporter* and the *New Leader*, and facing the *Christian Science Monitor*. We were in the South Room of the Hotel Commodore, and the occasion was the launching of Miss Freda Utley's latest book, *Will the Middle East Go West?* We were just thinking to ourselves how well Miss Utley looked when she rose to her feet and started to introduce some of her old friends among the press, assembled to pay their respects. She saved us for her finale and bless our souls, if she didn't introduce us as NATIONAL REVIEW, the magazine of the extreme right, with whose views she had never totally agreed. NATIONAL REVIEW (Miss Utley proceeded to demonstrate our naiveté) thinks that Mr. Nasser is a socialist—simply because he nationalized the Suez Canal. NATIONAL REVIEW thinks Mr. Nasser is playing the

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Communist game—simply because he is letting the Communists equip and train his army. You could have knocked us over with a feather—and all these months Miss Utley sits on our masthead uncomplaining. Well, we're sorry to see her go. As for Nasser, we've got a lot of things against him—but if he let Miss Utley down we just couldn't bear it. She's lost too many dreams.

Would you believe it, last week a Scotsman canceled his subscription (come to think of it, he waited till it ran out and then declined to renew) on the grounds that NATIONAL REVIEW is *predictable!* Of *course* we're predictable! We'll be peddling the same principles on our fiftieth anniversary as on our first—and they'll be just as bright and shiny then as they are now. The principles NATIONAL REVIEW affirms—again and again and again—have weathered all kinds of crises, even man's passion to change his gods every little while. We have suggested to our Scotsman that if he wants variety he subscribe to whatever journal it is that publishes the platforms of the Republican Party.

Our Contributors: WILLY LEY ("Some Implications of the Sputniki") is one of the world's outstanding experts on the problems involved in conquering outer space. He is the author of several books, among them *Rockets and Space Travel, The Conquest of Space* and (his latest) *Salamanders and Other Wonders*. . . . J. J. MAGUIRE ("A New Clericalism") is assistant professor in the Department of Religion at Notre Dame. He founded and edited the *Newman Review,* and contributes to various periodicals.

Edwin S. Webster, Jr., died last week, at 57, by his own hand. He was head of Kidder Peabody, a large investment banking firm in downtown New York, and the gentlest of men. He invested in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1955, and served as a member of the board of directors in 1956, because, he said, self-effacing as always, "I may not always understand what you people are talking about, but I know it's got to be said, and I think you're the ones to say it." From time to time he would call the office—always a little apologetically—to pass along a piece of information, or exchange impressions about this or that development on the political scene. Not once, in all my experience, did he ask a favor. His attitude toward everyone seemed to be that he was in their debt. This indebtedness he felt most keenly toward his country: he could never, he gave the impression, do as much for it as it had done for him. That is why, in his unobtrusive, undemanding way, he labored and sacrificed to help, as best he could, those who, he felt, were helping his country. My colleagues join with me in expressing to his family our sorrow at their loss, and the nation's. W. B.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

In Disregard of Law and Fact

During the debate on the Civil Rights bill last summer, the jury system came in for some pretty hard licks. The bill's proponents said in effect: Let's face it, Southern jurors are corruptible. When their views on racial matters conflict with their legal obligations, the former are likely to prevail. The result is no convictions. The remedy, if legislation is to be effective, is to get rid of juries.

Many members of Congress who thought badly of the remedy, on general principles, agreed that the Civil Rightists had stated a real problem. Yet, today, some of these congressional members are beginning to wonder whether the problem is confined to the South. The evidence is increasing that urban juries in the North have a similarly cavalier attitude about enforcing the law where unions and union leaders are the defendants. This could mean, they fear, that the array of bills being prepared for the next congressional session to deal with abuses of union power will be wasted effort.

The UAW Scandal

Jimmy Hoffa's acquittal in the famous bribery case several months ago is one case in point. However, the recent verdict of a Detroit jury, letting Walter Reuther's United Automobile Workers beat the rap on a charge of violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, is an even more blatant scandal, and promises far more serious consequences.

The FCPA was designed to curb one of Big Labor's more obvious offenses: The use by unions of compulsory membership dues for aiding the campaigns of favored candidates in federal elections. Now, after the UAW acquittal, the Justice Department appears ready to throw in the towel. The U.S. Attorney in Detroit issued a formal statement after the verdict was in: ". . . it is the opinion of this office that the statute is a complete dead letter. In view of the Su-

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preme Court's interpretation of this case, followed by a like interpretation and instructions to the jury . . . by the District Court, it is inconceivable that any comparable set of facts can exist that will make for a successful prosecution." Since the UAW "set of facts" is by no means unique, the case is worth examining.

Circumventing the Law

Prior to 1943 the FCPA forbade only corporations and national banks to make political contributions. The Act was then extended by the Smith-Connolly Act to include labor unions. During the war, however, labor managed to skirt the "contribution" restrictions by making funds available to candidates indirectly—*e.g.*, by electioneering in union newspapers, and buying radio time. When the Taft-Hartley Act was under consideration in 1947, Senator Taft cited a number of instances of this abuse, notably during his own campaign for the Senate in 1944: The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen (asserting its purpose was "to state its position to the world") sponsored a number of radio broadcasts on behalf of Taft's opponent. With the express objective of plugging this loophole in the law, Taft-Hartley amended the FCPA by adding to "contribution" the words, *"or expenditure in connection with" any election for federal office.*

Notwithstanding, the unions continued to make such expenditures under various guises—one of the favorites was Walter Reuther's claim that this kind of electioneering was really "an educational project in the field of political science." In 1955 the UAW was indicted for having used the union's "general treasury fund" to sponsor a series of educational telecasts on behalf of Senator Pat McNamara and other Democratic candidates during the previous fall's campaign. The indictment was dismissed in 1956 by Judge Picard in the U.S. District Court in Detroit on the strength of a Supreme Court decision in the *CIO News* case in 1948 holding that the *News'* electioneering was not prohibited by the FCPA inasmuch as the paper was for union membership consumption only, and inasmuch as the Act surely could not have been intended to prevent union efforts to enlighten its own members. Judge Picard's decision was appealed, and the Supreme Court reversed the dismissal on the grounds that UAW telecasts had apparently reached a public audience. Speaking for the majority, Justice Frankfurter wrote: *". . . it was to embrace precisely that kind of contribution alleged in the indictment that Congress" added the words "expenditure" to the FCPA.* He added that the UAW case was manifestly analogous to the anti-Taft campaign of 1944, and that Congress had amended the FCPA with that campaign very much in mind. Frankfurter remanded the case to the District Court, suggesting a number of "fact issues" for the court to submit to the jury.

Judge Picard's Questions

On the strength of Frankfurter's recommendations, Judge Picard put the following questions to the jury—all of which, he said, would have to be answered in the affirmative in order to convict:

—Were the telecasts paid for with union dues collected on a non-voluntary basis?

—Were they intended for the general public in addition to union members?

—Was the content of the telecasts political in nature rather than a mere explanation of the union's position on current issues?

—Were the telecasts intended to influence the election?

None of the questions, on any dispassionate view of the matter, permitted a "no" answer. Somehow, though, the jury managed. Jury Foreman Alfred Ball commented after the verdict was in: "The big thing in the jurors' minds was the first of the four points made by the Judge in his charge: whether union dues were paid voluntarily. We decided the union dues was voluntary. I belong to the Steelworkers Union and I pay dues but as far as I am concerned I don't have to pay the dues. I guess the other jurors felt the same way." Another juror remarked, with regard to the third question, "We just thought it over, talked it over, and those were educational broadcasts, not political, just like Mr. Reuther testified."

The government's argument and the Judge's charge to the jury may have left something to be desired. (The government did not, for example, advise the jury of the history of the FCPA, nor did the Judge explain what Congress had intended to accomplish—this despite a lengthy discussion of the subject by Frankfurter in the earlier Supreme Court ruling); but the jury had plenty to go on if it had been of a mind to give straight answers to straight questions.

Near-Free Rein

One of the results of the Detroit verdict is that the constitutionality of congressional attempts to confine political expenditures to individual donors is still undecided. Though both the government and the unions have been seeking a Supreme Court test of the issue for many years now, the Court has managed to dispose of all such cases on subsidiary issues. (In the UAW case, we may note, Justices Warren, Black and Douglas—dissenting from Frankfurter's opinion—wanted to declare the law unconstitutional right then and there as a violation of the First Amendment. The dissenters brushed aside the obvious answer to their position: that the law was designed precisely to protect the First Amendment rights of dissident union members whose dues are employed to support candidates they disapprove. These renowned champions of individual and minority rights blithely remarked: "This is a question that concerns the internal management of union affairs. To date, unions have operated under a rule of the majority. Perhaps minority rights need protection. But this way of doing it is, indeed, burning down the house to roast the pig." What house are we burning down? Why, the "right" of a "segment of society"—*i.e.*, organized labor—to express its views freely!)

Another consequence, of more immediate concern: Big Labor has now near-free rein to throw its weight (including its money) around on behalf of pro-labor candidates. Corporations, theoretically, have the same opportunities—provided they can arrange for juries made up of members of the NAM. And the really disturbing thing is that Congress may not be able to do anything about all of this. As the Civil Rightists pointed out last summer, the most exacting law is no match for a wilful jury.

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Letter from London

Debs, Lords and Historical Inevitability

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

It has just been announced that after next year there will be no more presentation parties for debutantes to meet the Queen. The official explanation is that, though the Queen regrets having to stop something which is obviously popular, the number of girls applying (now about five to seven hundred each year) has grown so large that an extra presentation party would be needed and the pressure of her other engagements does not permit this. Instead there will be more of those vast garden parties at Buckingham Palace to which as many as eight or nine thousand people from all walks of life are invited.

Pressure of time, then, is the official excuse; nothing about presentation parties being an undemocratic institution. But the newspapers, quite rightly, haven't taken it like that. There has been an almost universal whoop of glee because this is another blow at what remains of the aristocracy and the cursed power of hereditary privilege.

Those who regret this decision are a small minority because the direct beneficiaries of the system were a small minority and we live in an envious world. A few people deplore the abolition of another piece of traditional English pageantry; but such people are discounted as out-of-date romantics. Personally I regret the decision for a number of reasons. First, because the traditions and pride and pleasures of a minority are once more being sacrified to the envy of a majority. Second, because this seems to me an attempt to make the monarchy appear to be what it isn't and shouldn't be. A successful monarchy must stand at the apex of a social hierarchy; it cannot be a lonely tower in a plain. Thirdly, because I believe that an element of hereditary privilege and responsibility is a necessary corrective to party government by mass election. This is part of the same battle which is now being fought over the future of the House of Lords.

Whatever the palace may say, the newspapers and the general public unanimously leapt to a single conclusion. Lord Altrincham and Malcolm Muggeridge had carried their point. Consider a typical quotation from the *Daily Sketch*, which is a Conservative tabloid:

> Three months ago, Lord Altrincham aimed some trenchant criticisms at the deb system, calling it "a grotesque survival from the monarchy's hierarchical past."
>
> Lord Altrincham was wrong in many things he said. But in this one respect at least he has been proved right.

Notice the logic of that last sentence. Because an institution has been abolished for very doubtful reasons, the man who called it "a grotesque survival" is automatically *proved* right. Here is a concise example of that curious modern version of trial by ordeal which holds that every change must be a change for the better. It is as though no one had ever heard of the good cause being defeated.

Echoes of Moscow

The Bevanite paper, *Tribune*, this week discussed reform of the House of Lords. Hereditary membership it found too ludicrous to consider. Life Peers were condemned on the grounds that most of them would inevitably be fairly old and therefore conservative. The only proper thing to do with the House of Lords was to abolish it. "Conservative" in this context is evidently not meant as the label for a political doctrine: it simply means "not eager for change." If this is thought to be absolutely bad, it can only be because all change is considered to be *prima facie* good. In other words, the doctrine of historical inevitability is as fully accepted here as it is in Moscow.

This is a new idea. Almost all previous civilizations have assumed that age brings wisdom, and that the art of good government consists in preserving the fabric of society rather than in overturning it. Unfortunately the process of election by competitive bidding has led politicians of every party to believe their first duty is to do something, that is, to change or interfere with something. In this I believe they are not only theoretically wrong but to some extent misjudge the electorate. Sir Alan Herbert once founded a Society For Leaving Things Alone, and a lot of people ask nothing better of a government than that it should leave them alone. What a community needs is a stable framework in which to plan and build for itself.

But the doctrine of historical inevitability prevails. Even those who regret some particular change simply shrug their shoulders and say, "We must move with the times." J. F. Stephen once remarked that "the waters are out and no human force can turn them back," but "I do not see why as we go with the stream we need sing Hallelujah to the river god."

This is the important thing about the fate of the debutantes. Presentation parties are not a vital part of the constitution and it probably doesn't matter very much whether they're held or not. What does matter is the reason why they are being stopped. The reason, I greatly fear, is that we are simply drifting with the stream, ruled by the great British vice of compromise. This certainly doesn't prove Lord Altrincham and Mr. Muggeridge right about the monarchy, but the timing of the announcement does prove that the palace advisers are fully as inept as Lord Altrincham and Mr. Muggeridge said they were.

Personally I don't believe in historical inevitability. If the Communists and Afro-Asian nationalists are winning all over the world, it is chiefly because the West has not opposed them with a faith and a determination as strong as their own. I believe both Britain and the free world are ripe for leadership from in front instead of behind, leadership based not on expediency or doubtful doctrines but simply on honest principles. There is no sign of it yet. The poor little debutantes are only the latest and least sacrifice on the altar of our uncertainty.

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Some Implications of the Sputniki

A world-famous authority on the problems involved in conquering outer space offers some scientific observations on satellites and missiles which have not been adequately stated in the daily press

WILLY LEY

Ever since Sputnik No. 1 took up its orbit around the earth thorough newspaper readers must have been thoroughly bewildered by the headlines they could read in succession. One read: "Sputnik's Meaning: 'Catch Up Or Die' Says Rocket Engineer." He was immediately fired from his job. Another one was "Just a Silly Bauble Says Presidential Advisor." He was *not* fired. Still another one: " 'Does not Worry Me One Iota' Says Ike." This was followed by statements that the U.S. missile program would not be speeded up because it was a high pressure program already. Then Dr. Killian of M.I.T. was appointed to speed up the missile program. A budget cut of $170 million for basic research was quietly restored, but not so quietly that the newspapers failed to catch on.

One could also read that the United States never considered itself in a satellite race with the Soviet Union. Maybe not, but everybody else on this planet thought so—and it is often very important what people think. After Sputnik No. 1, the absolutely truthful report that the Army had offered to shoot an artificial satellite years ago was met with a stern "keep quiet" order. After Sputnik No. 2, the Army was ordered to use its Jupiter-C rocket to shoot a satellite.

Well, what did really happen and what was its military meaning? The first part of this question is relatively easy to answer. On October 4, 1957, the Russians threw a metal package containing scientific instruments, called an artificial satellite, into an orbit around the earth. The orbit came closest to earth—astronomers call this closest point the *perigee*—at an altitude of 155.3 miles. The point farthest from the earth—the apogee—was at an altitude of 560 miles. The Russian satellite had a diameter of 22.835 inches and weighed 184.3 lbs. It took 96 minutes and a few seconds to make a complete circuit around the earth.

To produce such an orbit a rocket must reach a velocity of 4.6 miles per second, parallel to the ground, at a very high altitude, preferably outside the atmosphere. To attain such a velocity a three-stage rocket is needed. Just how this can be accomplished can be shown by the figures of the American Project Vanguard, which now is often called, behind closed doors, Offguard. The first stage, carrying the second and the third stages with the satellite on top, protected by a metal nose cone for the ascent through the atmosphere, at first climbs vertically for a few seconds. This is for reasons of stability only: Then the rocket tilts eastward, to take advantage of the speed of the earth's rotation. About 38 miles up the first stage has used up its fuel and the second stage takes over. At that time the nose cone splits lengthwise and falls behind; it is no longer needed. At one hundred miles up the fuel supply of the second stage is exhausted. Then the second and third stages coast together to a point 200 miles up and 700 miles from the take-off site, measured horizontally. This point is reached ten minutes after take-off. Then the third stage begins to burn, bringing itself and the satellite up to orbital velocity.

Since the third stage produces the orbital velocity the third stage, quite naturally, goes into the orbit too. The final separation of the satellite proper from its third stage is accomplished by mounting the satellite on a tensed spring before take-off. A timing device activated by the acceleration of the rocket then releases the spring when the third stage has settled in the orbit, and third stage and satellite draw apart slowly. This separation is not absolutely necessary. It is desirable for a few rather minor reasons.

The figures just given are those of the American Project Vanguard since the Russian figures are not yet known. However, they must read fairly much alike because a satellite shot is, after all, not guided by the whim of the experimenter but is based on natural laws.

On November 3, the Russians followed up with Sputnik No. 2, which again dominated the headlines for a week running. The second Sputnik had a more elongated orbit, with perigee at 145 miles and apogee slightly more than 1,000 miles. It weighed half a metric ton (but there was no separation so that this weight comprises the satellite proper and the third stage) and it had a dog aboard which lived, apparently in good health, for about one hundred hours until it was put to death with a poisoned meal when the battery power failed.

No Direct Military Value

These are the facts and there is no doubt that the Russians had won a very major propaganda victory.

But what are the military implications?

This question is not so easy to answer.

One might even say, and be correct in saying it, that the *direct* military value was zero. The emphasis, if one wishes to make this statement, is and has to be on the word "direct."

Fancy newspaper stories to the contrary, the Russian Sputniki did not radio information "in code." They did transmit information, probably such items as skin temperature of the hull, cosmic ray counts, ultra-

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violet intensity measurements and such. But this is not "code"; transmitting information from an artificial satellite or a high-flying rocket must be done by modifying the so-called carrier wave. This is the way such transmission is accomplished.

Nor could the Sputniki "spy" on this country successfully. Of course a satellite can carry a camera and take pictures of the ground. The pictures might even be sharp. But they are then still in the satellite. To get them back and make use of them the satellite either has to re-enter the atmosphere and land or else it has to transmit them to the ground electronically. If this were done by television their value would be gone, all the fine detail would be lost. Line by line "scanning" is possible, but unlikely.

In fact the precise location of a point on earth is much better done "the other way round," namely: by observing the satellite from the ground. Normal surveying methods rely on carefully measured horizontal triangles. This does not work across oceans, so that the width of an ocean had to be determined by a vertical triangle. The only possible way was to construct the triangle by sighting on the edge of the moon, but this produced a triangle 240,000 miles tall with a base line of only a few thousand miles. Constructing a similar triangle with an artificial satellite at the apex only a few hundred miles up is bound to produce a much higher accuracy.

Soviet Rockets

The military significance of the Sputniki is in the rockets which launched them.

Calculating the probable take-off weight of the rocket which threw Sputnik No. 1 into its orbit led to a figure of about 85 tons. This checks precisely with the reported take-off weight of the Russian T-2 missile, a two-stage liquid fuel missile with a range of 1500 miles. It is known that the Russians have fired more than a hundred of these missiles. It is also known that the upper stage of the T-2 missile is the Russian T-1 rocket, the large rocket which was paraded on Red Square on November 7, 1957. Since so many of these rockets have been fired they are obviously in production and must have reached a high state of reliability. What the Russians must have done was to replace the nuclear warhead of the upper stage by a third stage rocket (probably solid fuel) which carried the satellite.

The rocket used for firing Sputnik No. 2 was very likely the Russian T-3, their intercontinental missile of which two or three are known to have been test-fired over a range of 4,000 miles.

One fact which must be made clear is that it takes more power to throw a satellite into an orbit than is necessary to fire a warhead over a distance of 6,000 miles. The velocity required for any point-to-point shot on earth is, of necessity, less than the velocity required for an orbit. On the other hand, the accuracy for a point-to-point shot has to be much higher than that of a satellite shot. To place a satellite into an orbit, as has been explained before, the third stage rocket should accelerate parallel to the ground at a height of several hundred miles above sea level. If the rocket is not perfectly horizontal but points up, or down, by one degree or so; or if the final velocity is 4.59 miles per second or 4.62 miles per second does not matter too much. You still get an orbit, if one that is different from the orbit originally intended. But for a shot from point to point similar deviations from the calculated trajectory result in a miss of scores of miles.

The over-all picture then looks as follows:

The Russians have a 1,500-mile missile in production.

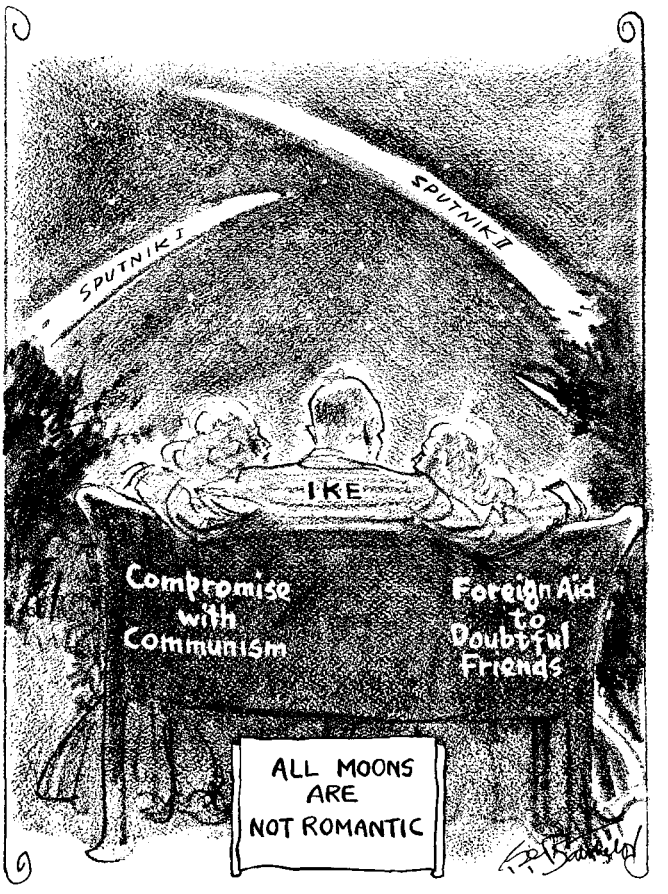
We do not.

The Russians have tested a few 4,000-mile-range missiles.

We may have; the public has not been told.

We have solved the so-called re-entry problem for missle noses, the problem of getting a missile's warhead back from space through the atmosphere without having it burn to ashes. The Russians have solved that too.

Our job is very simply to catch up with the Russians. This may not be easy by any means but it can be done. But there is no way of erasing the loss of prestige we suffered. All one can hope for is that it may be overshadowed by later events.



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A New Clericalism

During thirteen years as Newman chaplain at Wayne State University (Detroit), Father Maguire learned that to enjoy "academic freedom" in a Liberal college one must be a conforming non-conformist

J. J. MAGUIRE

"You really haven't any right to complain," the young assistant professor told me. "With your religious commitment you can't honestly claim the privileges of free discussion."

I must admit I had been needling my friend about his department's reaction to my criticism of its "History of Religions" course. "Cocktail lounge theology" was what I had called the course. I had said that it was an affront both to the various religious groups and to the canons of scholarship. The department took the position that, as a mere chaplain, I was an "outsider," and my criticism "a threat to academic freedom."

The young professor's commitment to "open, free discussion" was so pronounced that I felt sure he would be embarrassed by his colleagues' disingenuous reasons for refusing to treat my criticisms seriously. But—though he is intelligent, and, I feel sure, sincere—he was untroubled by his department's evasions.

I suppose one should be grateful that there was any response whatever to my criticism, given the self-assurance with which the Liberals proceed to live their inconsistencies. Surely there is no better way to get the full flavor of Liberal complacency than to observe the goings-on on the typical college campus. A full-time (though officially unrecognized) chaplain enjoys several advantages as an observer. The first is that he is as close to the workings as one can be without being a cog in the mechanism. The second is that the stands a chaplain must take in the course of doing his duty are frequently just the thing that puts the Liberals on the spot.

Incidents from my own campus experience crowd my mind as I write about contemporary academic liberalism. . . .

Once I ventured to publish an article entitled "Compulsory Indoctrination in Deweyism." Carefully documenting my presentation with quotations from Dewey's works and from mimeographed notes that had been distributed in some of the classes, I pointed out that only one side of the case was being presented by the Wayne College of Education.

Ritualistic Protest

I expected, and had gone on record as welcoming, a reply. What I got was a carbon copy of a letter sent by the head of the department I had criticized, to the president of the university.

The department head did not deign to respond to the points I had made, but declared that my kind of criticism was "a threat to academic freedom"; and he expressed regret that there were evidently no measures the president might take to curb me. The broad hint that I should be run off campus, if that were feasible, was, some might say, illiberal; but he was so sure of his ground—was he not dealing with criticism by a *clergyman*?—that he evidently saw nothing incongruous in the position. Criticism by any "outsider" was a threat to academic freedom because a scholar's work is, properly, subject only to the scrutiny of his peers. He did not quite dare to say that my criticism was unwelcome because I was not a paid member of the faculty, but he did say I lacked the scholarly qualifications for it.

This last statement was a tip-off to the purely ritualistic character of the protest. At best it would have been a rather nasty way of disposing of a paper as carefully put together as a master's dissertation. As it happened, he had not taken the trouble to find out that I had a doctor's degree in philosophy and that a considerable portion of my graduate work had been done in precisely the field in question.

Lest I seem to be making too much of the reaction of one department head, let me describe another instance in which an inter-departmental committee was involved, and which caused a considerable ruckus on the campus. I had received numerous complaints from students about a special inter-departmental course entitled "The Philosophy, History and Social Implications of Science." The students were science majors, who were required to take the course. Calloused to the realities of life on the secular campus, they did not expect to be spared criticism of their basic beliefs; but they did object to hearing only one side of the story. Knowing the chairman who had set up the course, a gentleman with whom I had crossed swords on several "panels," I had no doubt about the justice of the students' criticism. But it was only when I saw the text used by the course that I ventured a public criticism.

The text in question was *Religion and the Modern Mind* by W. T. Stace, —incidentally, the same book that Father Halton criticized in Princeton, bringing such wrath down upon his head. Stace declares that it is not only tedious "to refute all the dogmas of the great religions," but unnecessary. One has only to take the religions' common dogma that a being exists called God, and then show "there is no reason at all to think there is such a being, and that the conception of him in fact involves such difficulties that we are compelled to give it up." There is much more of the same, including an utterly inaccurate and demonstrably un-

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scholarly presentation of the medieval arguments for the existence of God. Purely on the score of scholarly reporting the book is incredibly bad, as anyone familiar with the relevant literature will discover on reading it.

The men who taught the course were, however, quite unmoved—either by the documentation I offered, or by the modest argument that somewhere along the line, the case *for* religion should be presented. The committee drew up a lengthy reply to my criticisms—but I was not permitted to see it! My requests for a copy, both to the chairman and to the president's office, were ignored, even though the document was duplicated and copies seemed to abound on campus. I finally got an oral résumé from a friend: according to his account, the chief note was one of angry insistence that I was an "outsider" and that my criticism was a threat to academic freedom.

Nor was this reaction the committee's alone. Indignation on the campus was widespread and spontaneous. The only notable exception was the chief librarian, from whom I received a note enclosing three dollars, with the remark that whatever he thought of my views, he wanted to make sure I would be able to express them. In most quarters, however, there was no question of weighing the merits of the argument, nor a trace of embarrassment at the Liberals' inconsistency in refusing to consider it. Walking across the campus I was made to feel that it was I who ought to be embarrassed.

Tribal Verdict

I am confident that this reaction was neither consciously Liberal nor calculatingly opportunistic. These people simply did not think. They reacted as a group, as any group might act when group prestige is threatened. What made the thing especially nasty is that the issue almost immediately became a moral one. On a Liberal campus, the man who is labeled a threat to academic freedom is a very sinister character indeed. The group had been criticized from the "outside": it was a tribal situation, and it called for a tribal verdict.

The traditional beliefs and loyalties of the average student are subjected to harsh criticism in the classroom. But professors who are lions in their lecture halls are curiously reluctant to discuss their views outside the classroom with someone of comparable experience and training who might give them a run for their money. Most of them are equally reluctant to bring "outsiders" into their classes, though that is often the only way to expose students to contrary points of view.

Let me hasten to add that a few members of the faculty (mostly of the older generation) regularly invited me to present the other side of the case. A professor of psychology, a thoroughgoing pragmatist himself, bemoaned the fact that his department was without the services of a man trained in the Thomist tradition. Through his influence I was twice invited to address department staff meetings. And there were others—but pitifully few. (Even when the university's annual Religious Emphasis Week brought to the campus Protestant, Jewish and Catholic scholars of national renown, classroom invitations seldom totalled fifty—out of a thousand. I know from having participated in similar programs at other universities that this experience is not unusual.)

Such invitations as the chaplains got frequently came at the initiative of students. I recall one such occasion when I was invited to a sociology seminar, evidently at the insistence of a student who was preparing for the Lutheran ministry. The professor in charge took nearly thirty minutes to introduce me—explaining what I was likely to say and why it would be of little relevance. I doubt that he was being intentionally impolite: he was convinced of the correctness of his own position, and felt obliged to forewarn his students that an excursion into another viewpoint would be unrewarding. That a critical analysis of basic premises might lead to a position other than his was a possibility either to be discounted or, if not, avoided. Ironically, he kept using the words "liberal" and "clerical" to contrast our views!

Why Liberalism Dominates

Now there is nothing surprising about the academic community's distaste for serious debate. It is a sociological truism that dominant majorities and isolated minorities get out of the habit of examining the foundations of their own position. In such groups, discussion centers on alternative ways of applying accepted premises, or on elaborating on the inter-group orthodoxy. It is clear from the history of higher education in America in the last century that academic Liberalism enjoys a position of both dominance and isolation. As Lionel Trilling has observed, Liberalism is not only the dominant but the sole intellectual tradition: in this country, Liberalism has never had to meet the challenge of a competing intellectual movement. And since Liberal intellectual dominance has coincided with a fabulous expansion of the institutions of higher education, the almost unlimited resources of the State have been placed at the disposal of Liberal ideologues. The wall of separation erected by the doctrine of academic freedom has helped seal off the campus from criticism by the churches, the only group with the inclination and the resources to offer resistance. Academic Liberals may not like to admit that they in effect enjoy the position of an established clergy; but that is what it amounts to.

A contributing factor to the intellectual inbreeding and conformism of the academic community is, undoubtedly, the social background of a large section of the Liberal fraternity. Many academicians have "come up the hard way" from much humbler origins. Princeton's Professor Tumin (who started his career at Wayne) talks about a "cult of

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Faster! Faster!

Still abandoned to her travels,
Worldly problems she unravels.
Finds Nikita Khrushchev simple;
Cordially, he shows his dimple.

Quotes him, this outspoken man,
On matters non-Hungarian;
Learns, though war is brinkable,
Really, it's unthinkable.

What is there to add about her?
More and more, I'm mad about her,
As she flies from strand to strand,
Eleanor, in Wonderland.

OZZIE CASWELL

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gratitude . . . among intellectuals newly risen to high socio-economic status" and tells us that the experience makes intellectuals captive of the system.

They are captives in two senses. The academic life nurtures strong psychological roots of personal self-assurance, roots that many intellectuals would not otherwise have. The academic community is a prestigious group; the individual who is identified with the group, precisely *because* he is identified with the group, shares in that prestige. The loyalty is something stronger than gratitude. The poor boy who has made his mark only after much work and sacrifice and who has disowned, in the process, the dominant commitments and loyalties of the rest of society will see any threat to the group, or to the group's prestige, as a threat to his own position. This, I suspect, is what Morton Cronin means when he writes of "the angry insistence that America should protect intellectuals from the consequences of their folly, even to the point of sparing them any loss in public esteem."

They are also captives, to some degree, in the economic sense. The barricades against "outside interference" with academic affairs undoubtedly reflect an unarticulated fear on the part of many that popular understanding of what goes on in the colleges might lead to dire economic consequences.

Let me mention a further factor that may contribute to academic complacency. As the academic community sees itself, there is an altruistic, even heroic, rationale for its behavior *vis à vis* the outer world. Contemporary Liberal doctrine, to which the community subscribes, has it that the professor is the special guardian of society's intellectual treasures. The school, and particularly the college, is not just a conduit for transmitting traditional values; it is, as one of Wayne's department heads once explained, "a temple of light"—standing, presumably, in the midst of darkness. Therefore, as custodians of the sacred flame, teachers can (and must) aspire to the immunities and privileges once restricted to the clergy.

It is unfortunate that this new clergy has succumbed so soon to the occupational hazards of the profession. I fear we are already confronted with a moribund clericalism. This generation of intellectuals, lacking the primary insights that come from having grappled with basic principles, has little to offer but its own ritual—and a keen instinct for self-preservation.

Hede Massing, former wife of Gerhart Eisler and Communist courier who belonged to the Noel Field cell in Washington, writes

An Open Letter to Martha Dodd

Dear Martha Dodd:

You haven't made the headlines for some time now. But I have not forgotten you. In fact I followed you along your way to the Communist Holy Land from the very start. I was amazed to find you so gullible. I had thought of you as cool and shrewd. But when I learned that you and your husband had acquired—and for a handsome sum at that—Uruguayan passports, I knew that you were not. That mistake comes from not having read anti-Communist literature. You could have profited a lot from my book, *This Deception*. Oh, I know you've never heard of it. Which is too bad, because you could have learned from it that never, never must you commit the fundamental mistake of giving up your American citizenship! For now the comrades have you!

And they know that they haven't very much, at that. Nothing they really care for.

As you will learn, if you have not learned it already, they are matter-of-fact, unsentimental people. Even for their successful agents of foreign birth they feel only polite contempt. But for one who has failed—in fact has been a nuisance; is of no further use—there is just plain, unadulterated, open contempt. And your case is even worse—I hate to tell you this. You and your bedraggled husband have money. You are rich. You could have stayed in the Free World and enjoyed life—and you did not fight for it, you gave up. You let yourself be brought "home" to slaughter.

That makes you a stupid ex-agent. Unforgivably, criminally stupid in the eyes of every one of the comrades who will be assigned to "serve" you. To them you are the worst offender, the traitor, the betrayer of what each one of them dreams about—a life on the other side of the Iron Curtain. You threw it away. Such stupidity they cannot fathom.

To an MVD agent—to any one of them—this is perversion. The Russians are simple people. Perversions they do not like. So there you are, poor Martha, now in a hostile world, surrounded by people who think you ridiculous and really don't want you. How you must need a friend!

I have an idea. Perhaps you should ask for a transfer to Budapest and a job as assistant to Noel Field. He is in charge of translations for Gosisdat, the State publishing firm. Not as important a job as he held in the State Department? Now Martha, that is the wrong approach: every job in the Communist orbit is important!

You would like Noel—and he could make use of your literary abilities. And Comrade Stern might be less in your way. You could arrange that with Noel. He is very understanding.

Well, here's wishing you good luck.

Too bad nobody told you in time what a straight dealer Robert Morris of the Internal Security Subcommittee really is, not to mention Edgar Hoover's crowd. You could have had yourself a whale of a time, with headlines, exclusive interviews and all. You did choose the wrong side, you really did!

HEDE MASSING

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Crisis of European Democracy

Central Europeans seem to be singularly unconcerned with either Sputnik or the menace of a Third World War. ("We still can survive a Third World War," goes a standard Austrian joke, "but never a Second Liberation.") The newspapers have speculated instead on the real meaning of the recent speech of Dr. Felix Hurdes, the Chairman of the Austrian Parliament, in which he analyzed the character of government in Austria during the last fifty years. (General suffrage was granted in 1907, several years before England took the same step.) He referred to the fact that Austria has changed from a "representative parliamentarianism" to a "party parliamentarianism." The ultimate meaning of his words is unclear.

The fact remains that Austria at the present time is being ruled by two large parties—the "Austrian People's Party," a crypto-Catholic group, and the Socialists—whose combined forces amount to 94 per cent of the *Nationalrat*. As long as the Russians occupied the Eastern half of the country this artificial national unity was essential. Now that the country has been free for two years, a great many Austrians are starting to wonder whether the two dominant parties, making a show of mutual antagonism only at the time of elections, are not paralyzing the whole democratic process. Thus, some of the commentators took Dr. Hurdes' remark to be critical of the absolute domination of the country by the powerful combine of the two parties (which distribute all favors on a strict 50:50 basis), while others thought he had uttered a sinister threat against the Socialists, heralding the end of bipartisanship and claiming all leadership for the "People's Party," of which he is a member.

What is happening today in Austria is simply this: The cabinet composed of People's Party members and Socialists decides on a measure, and the Parliament passes it with a crushing majority (of the two government parties) after an empty show of debate. Party discipline is strictly enforced, and it is almost unheard of for a member of one of the two big parties to cast his vote against a government proposal. The Parliament thus has become a rubber stamp. All real interest in parliamentary procedure is on the wane. Only at election time is there a flurry of excitement.

Harold Laski pointed out that a parliamentary democracy, in order to be successful, has to be based on two premises: a two-party system and a common philosophy for the two parties. There can be no doubt that in Austria the switch from a purely Socialist to a purely Christian government and back would seriously rock the country and perhaps even lead to civil war and dictatorship, as it did in 1933-34. The present arrangement is probably the lesser evil, yet in a way it also spells the end of democracy. Nobody has to resort to arms to prevent the rise of a dictatorship, because the two contestants for public favor have literally "ganged up" on the voter who is left without a real choice—all of which shows some of the dilemmas with which European democracy is faced.

The American travelling in Europe and skimming the surface of the Old World will be satisfied to see that practically everybody talks in Democratese and that the newspapers, in their editorials and articles, profess nothing but democratic principles. This, however, should not seduce the American visitor into assuming that the victory of democracy—liberal parliamentarianism—in 1954 was more than skin-deep. Democracy was bankrupt before 1939 just as the Bourbons were bankrupt before 1789, and democracy in Western Europe was restored with the help of the bayonets of a victorious alliance in 1945 just as the Bourbons were restored by the same means back in 1815. The Bourbons struck roots no more than has democracy today. Their return, after the horrors of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, was greeted with a sense of relief, yet they never reacquired genuine "legitimacy."

The situation of Continental democracy today is analogous. Not, perhaps, that there is a widespread conscious hostility to democracy, but that there is no enthusiasm or loyalty for it either. We have two external elements which favor its survival in all countries other than France, where the situation is precarious: the present prosperity and the reluctance, in face of Soviet pressure, to change horses in mid-stream. There is in Europe, after all, a readiness to defend the Occident against a direct Soviet attack, but who would lay down his life for parliamentarianism or mount the barricades for the sacred cause of democracy? With the exception of Switzerland, democracy and parliamentarianism form no part of an ancient tradition. The drabness of republicanism differs sharply from the colorful and even glorious monarchical past—or the hysterical excitement which surrounded the demagogical mob-leaders of the immediate past. Republicanism in Bavaria, Austria, Portugal, Hanover or even France has not contributed to the heritage of these countries anything in comparison with the dynasties—the Wittelsbachs, Hapsburgs, Braganzas, Welfs, Bourbons, and Bonapartes.

No wonder that the *esprits forts* of the Continent, those who have a sense of history and a passionate love for liberty which they fear will be endangered by the potential mob-masters of tomorrow—there is a terrible void waiting to be filled!—are profoundly critical of democracy and parliamentarianism. Their thinking and reasoning is not too well known in the United States. Winfried Martini's *The End of All Security* never found a publisher in America, and Felix Somary's *Democracy at Bay* (Knopf) was reviewed by only one of the influential periodicals—the *Nation*. Somary is an "Old Liberal" (according to European standards), yet America's "Holy Liberal Inquisition" saw to it that the politi-financial wizard went unnoticed in America.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

What Are We Going to Do With the Willmoore Kendalls?

If one has tears, one should be prepared to shed them over the dilemma of the academic community as it faces the terrible problem, What are we going to do about the conservatives in our ranks? Here is a caste of very persuasive people whose spokesmen so exquisitely argued the necessity of allowing academic freedom to *anyone* of professional competence during those dark days when the laity questioned the wisdom of allowing Communists to teach, that the arguments and rhetoric fairly stuck to the ceiling. So now there is the problem of how, with all that stuff up there staring you in the face, you're going to police the conservatives?

Here indeed is a tickler, and the academic community has grown gray from worry over it. One can, of course, do everything in one's power to *prevent* conservatives, and at this the academic community is marvelously skilled. To begin with, of course, you indoctrinate the student in the dogmas of Liberalism. If a student of conservative tendency turns to teaching, you get tough—you go easy on the promotions, and the choice appointments, push him around a little, and generally let him know, where it hurts, that it doesn't pay to dally with Obscurantism. That treatment tends to dispose of the majority of potential conservative teachers, tends to persuade them to abandon either their views or their vocation.

Finally, you persuade perdurable survivors to limit their partisanship to issues at least a hundred years old. I know a professor who doesn't really believe the Reform Bill of 1832 should have been passed. He gets on very well with his colleagues, who think of him as quaint, and assimilable, and are on guard only against the possibility that he might discover the present century. There is, so to speak, an unwritten academic code of Acceptable Behavior in Conservatives. The code specifies: stick to bygone days, dally as much as you like with Burke and Montesquieu and Disraeli; even a discreet flirtation with Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt is O.K.; but don't mess around much beyond that.

Now we have really narrowed down the problem. But what is one to do with the Professor Willmoore Kendalls of this world? Take Kendall himself. He is 1) a conservative, 2) a practising Christian, 3) learned, 4) sassy; moreover he 5) writes regularly for NATIONAL REVIEW, and 6) has a tenure appointment! With the elimination of Anastasia, the possibilities open for dealing with him are severely restricted.

A few weeks ago, Scott Sullivan, the very bright and normally very urbane chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, made a Freudian slip so incandescent as to illumine the innermost thoughts of the agonized community Kendall has beleaguered. Mr. Sullivan published an editorial which began by quoting a paragraph from one of Mr. Kendall's columns in NATIONAL REVIEW, raising questions about contemporary qualifications for high academic office.

"By whom," thundered the editorial, "was this analysis written? A political scientist dispassionately viewing the subject in a learned quarterly? A pamphleteer whose sweat-stained prose is passed out at subway stations? A frustrated aspirant to the presidency of Middlebury?

"No, it is the ill-considered work of Willmoore Kendall, associate professor of political science at *Yale* [italics added], in the superright NATIONAL REVIEW. [Though] not mentioned by name . . . President Griswold is accused of being a tool of the 'Establishment'—Kendall's word [Macauley stole it from Kendall]—bent on specific and subversive political ends. To our mind, this kind of undocumented and clearly unfounded personal vilification exceeds the limits both of propriety and of academic privilege . . .

"How nice [here urbanity begins to creep back in] it would be if Mr. Kendall might go the way of Father Halton. But then there is the [in this case, accursed] principle of tenure."

Eureka!

Propriety! Perhaps that is the key! Wield that word a little more deftly and you can haltonize any articulate conservative! It has a wonderful effect on the genteel academic world. Apart from a tardy and dutiful letter by the head of Kendall's department, in the spate of letters commenting on the publication of Mr. Sullivan's editorial, only one member of the faculty, an assistant professor of philosophy, registered a protest. Though taking protective cover ("Mr. Kendall's political attitudes seem to me to be fantastic and deplorable") Professor Braybrooke stated that, under academic freedom, "there would be no excuse for suggesting that [Kendall] be shut up." Less aware of the delicacies involved, and perhaps for that reason more faithfully reflecting the lay of community sentiment, Mr. Leslie Epstein, a sophomore, rushed forward—"You may, gentlemen, sign me aboard the Kick-Out Kendall Club."

Yes, Propriety has a brilliant future ahead of it. Those who wonder how Propriety manages to dispose of Kendall while shielding the professor who acclaims the Communist coup d'état in Czechoslovakia as a "great victory for democracy" (as a Yale professor did with impunity), or who tells his students that he will take religion seriously when someone proves to him "you can make hemoglobin out of grape juice" (as a Yale professor did with impunity), or who terms premarital celibacy a "censorious insistence on an outworn code" (as a Yale professor did with impunity)—those who wonder how Propriety can be made to do *all* those things at one and the same time simply don't know how obliging a word can be in the service of the academic community, and an honorable cause.

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ARTS and MANNERS

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Elephantiasis Done Her In

There is a shivery little rumor on Nightmare Alley that all is not well with television. Where Batten talks to Barton and Young nods to Rubicam, a bad case of the collective shakes is increasingly discernible. For that fine feeling, when sponsors break down the doors and come through the windows, is gone. So too, says the rumor, are the sponsors.

Television has developed elephantiasis of the grab-hand and the budget; it is pricing itself out of the field. The trouble has nothing to do with art or the "product." Those three horsemen of the studios—Loathsome, Noisome and Fulsome—can still maintain their superlative standards in boring scripts, and turn up an occasional two-headed child who can sing in counterpoint. Americans still love Bilko, Edward R. Murrow, and John's Other Abcess, and an aroused public has not marched on Madison Avenue.

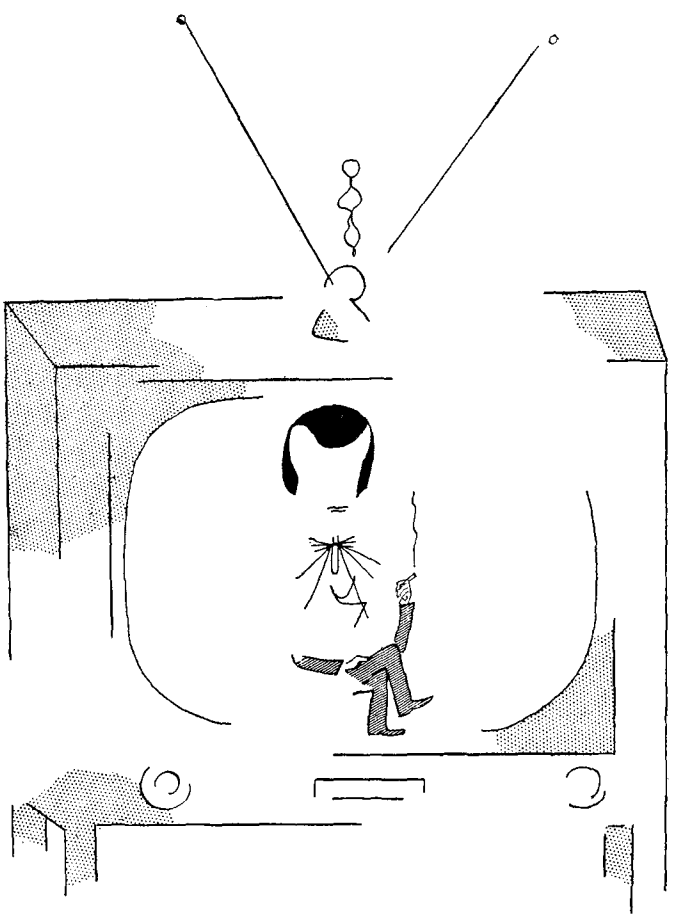
So there is a mite of irony in the fact that television's troubles are economic. An art so blissfully wedded to commerce and grandiosity has fallen victim to its own standards. The equation is simple: costs in talent, labor, materials and overhead can be met only by an ever-expanding mass audience. It's not merely a case of sponsor greed. By slide rule and IBM, the networks have arrived at a neat, though unflattering figure. To keep the sponsor happy and in business the per-viewer cost of a program must be one-half to seven-tenths of a penny. (In the days of Boss Tweed, the going price of a vote was two dollars, but the universal franchise of TV has cheapened the market.) In short, two million half-penny viewers must snap on their sets for a $100,000 budget show. Half the adult population must stay home to make a million dollar spectacular a good sponsor's risk.

These are neither new nor secret statistics. More than a year ago, when hearings were held on pay TV by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, industry spokesmen said it very loud and clear. There was no need for secrecy because the sponsors knew it. Options were beginning to bounce, and the criterion was no longer, "How big?" but "How much?" Though the top programs had no difficulties, and the top sponsors (interested in "prestige") no worries, everything else was marginal.

John P. Cunningham, an advertising executive, lectures openly on the "Index of Boredom" in reviewing television's decline. Video viewers, he warns, just aren't paying any mind to what flickers on the screen, though they still turn on their sets automatically, and the entire medium has become "a case of the bland leading the bland." He is worried because the "ruthless law of the decimal point" puts bad entertainment ahead of good, because an audience of fifteen million people for an expensive performance by the Old Vic troupe is considered a failure by the men who control TV. And he adds:

> It might be worthwhile to take a look at what has happened to top ratings while all this has been going on. As you see, they are down. Top ratings today would all be medium ratings five years ago. The top five shows had a rating in 1952 of 57.9. They're down this year to 41.5. What does this mean? . . . Our agency's research shows clearly that the grumbling is not confined to the professional critics. The Index of Boredom has been rising steadily. . . . As far as we advertisers are concerned, it is a Time to Pause.

(*Continued on p. 527*)



Kreuttner

"The name of the program is 'Garbage to Garbage.' The following unbiased, yet completely sympathetic interview will be with Dr. Summersault Tripskip, Rhodes Scholar, recipient of three Peabody Awards, and further distinguished by having taken the Fifth Amendment 158 times in eleven minutes. Later in the program we will visit Hollywood's dazzling Claire de Cleave, as a diversionary tactic."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Genius of James Agee

ROBERT PHELPS

A writer first and foremost; a born, sovereign prince of the English language, James Agee was also a prodigal, unselfpreserving man, who imparted his extraordinary gifts to many forms, from verse to novels, film scripts to book reviews, friendship to marriage; who, at 32, published a 450-page prose-poem called *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* which is at the same time one of the most vulnerable perversities and surest glories of American literature; and who died, at 45, on May 16, 1955 with a new novel on his desk, a film script in progress, and commitals as a man and a poet on all sides.

Neither then, nor since, have any of his contemporaries to my knowledge spoken up for him, or ventured an estimate of his work; and though I imagine this has been chiefly because they were unprepared to speak so soon, nonetheless it has left his status and his reputation curiously up in the air, so that in order to discuss his last novel, *A Death in the Family* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95), which a new, young, serious publishing house has now brought out, it is necessary to say something about his work as a whole, and his generation.

In the twenties and thirties, American writers were teased by two myths —or prophecies, rather—which still hovered in the air. One was the myth of the Great American Novel—the book which would do with words what Lindbergh has done with flight: cross the Atlantic all alone, and show the world that our best poets would no longer have to follow Henry James to Chelsea. The other was the myth of the Promising Young Man who would write it. Fitzgerald, and a little later Glenway Wescott, set his pace and style: he would be precocious, ingenuous, handsome, wild; a good drinker, a gallant lover, a magnetic talker, and above all, a maker of hard, lean prose which would explore the meaning of the word America.

By the mid-thirties, though, Fitzgerald had confessed himself finished in *The Crack-Up;* Wescott appeared to have stopped publishing; and all the lesser candidates lacked something: maturity, or craft, or plain intelligence, or the rarer gift of making live sentences. Depression, bureaucracy, general irresponsibility, and the fag end of what Auden was to call "a low, dishonest decade" all settled in. The myth of the Great American Novel lapsed, and the Promising Young Man was adapting himself to the omniscient, anonymous journalism being packaged several hundred feet above Rockefeller Plaza.

After the war, when I myself discovered James Agee's name and writing, he had become a sort of scapegoat embodiment of this latter myth. Fugitive references to him always implied that he had been the best of the young, but that the best had somehow defected. When his interest in film-making took him to Hollywood, pundits on postwar literature no longer even mentioned his name. In 1951, when he wrote the most perfect novel of the year (*The Morning Watch*) I heard no cheers; and when he died, silence set in.

I believe, at the least, this: 1) that the book by which Agee will be judged and known is *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men;* 2) that its text, though disguised as a documentary study of three tenant families in Alabama, *was* after all the Great American Novel (or Poem, or Drama, or Editorial) of its generation—just as *Walden, Life on the Mississippi, The American Scene, The Enormous Room* were the "Great American Novels" respectively of their own generations; 3) that although Agee wrote other, more controlled, less presumptuous books—mere works of art, let's say—these are all, relatively speaking, peripheral to his central statement. This may seem an eccentric view in 1957, but I have held it for nearly ten years, and I have yet to see anything written which confutes it.

A Death in the Family is the full-length novel which Agee finished shortly before he died. An editorial note suggests that he might have retouched it here and there, but only a conscience as keen as his own could have seen the need for it. Just as it stands, it is a radiant, replete, contained novel, and like all his writing, it will be an unqualified delight for anyone who relishes the imaginative, precise use of language. But it will be equally satisfying to many other kinds of readers, too.

In a movie review, Agee once described the kind of story which usually "remains just slick-paper fiction at its most sincere," yet which "could also become a great and simple, limpid kind of fiction which few writers of serious talent seem able to attempt, or even to respect . . ." This is exactly the "kind of fiction"—great, simple, limpid—which he has written in *A Death in the Family.* Its subject could not be more familiar, more universal, though I don't believe a first-rate work of the imagination has ever dealt with it before. It is about a man and his wife, deeply in love and deeply married to each other, who live with their two small children in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1915. On the outside, they are ordinary, garden-variety, common-denominator folks. They sit in their backyard on summer evenings; they go to the movies; they own a Ford. A soap-opera could borrow them,

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easily. Then, unforeseeably, the husband is killed in a motor accident. His wife, children, and in-laws gather to observe the rituals of loss, and as each of them enters upon the long process of change which his death has inaugurated, Agee's art takes them over. There is no character who does not tremble with as much complexity, mutability, and intricate awareness as a hero of Henry James.

There are a number of scenes—the family visit to an aged great-grandmother; a pre-dawn crossing on a river ferry; a wittily phonetic description of a 1915 flivver starting up—which ought to become anthology pieces. There are others—one in which the little son discovers, *tries out,* the effects of his father's death by playing it up to his schoolmates; or the long, central scene in which the young mother waits through the evening for final word of her widowhood, and then keeps an astonishing night watch with her family—which are as full of truth, insight, and unexpected yet absolutely right turns of human hope and frailty, as anything in Tolstoi. In anyone else's hands, these scenes might have become distasteful or depressing. In Agee's, the whole effect is subtle, grave, reverent, with perspicacity of tenderness that was his peculiar cachet on every page.

Like Blake's, Agee's vision loved innocence, and in his truest work, whether *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,* or a movie like *The Night of the Hunter,* or a parable like *A Mother's Tale,* he is always praising some form of the meek, the young, the pure in heart. His strongest sentiment was compassion: not the easy, goody-goody, self-flattering "liberal" sort, but a fierce, manly, very intelligent, and relentlessly self-questioning sort. In *A Death in the Family,* it watches and loves, with some of the same gentleness with which Blake wrote his *Songs of Innocence,* or Christ once said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

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Science and Sentimentalism

RICHARD M. WEAVER

When Milton asked, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" he intended the qualifying clause to place uppermost the relationship of man to God. Now, three centuries later, the question is generally amended to read, "What is man in terms of the scientifically analyzable factors that have combined to produce him?" This is essentially the line of inquiry of *In Seach of Man* (Hawthorn, $5.95), by Andre Missenard, engineer, teacher and former collaborator of the late Dr. Alexis Carrel.

The work is not, however, an essay in simple materialism. Professor Missenard is concerned primarily to attack Descartes' notion of the independence of the body and the mind, which he regards as having done vast harm. But his concept of science is very broad, and he aims at "a view of man in the ensemble which will restore to him his integrality, and which will take cognizance of the interaction of his various aspects: the moral on the physical, the physical on the moral, and nutrition on the body and soul."

A number of the scientific dicta are interesting, and some of them are unsettling to the dogmas of modernism. For example: "all experiments designed to prove that acquired characteristics may be transmitted have failed completely." And further, not only is psychic heredity a fact, but "the social consequences of psychic heredity are so considerable that all political systems must postulate its acceptance or rejection." He believes nutrition to be of extreme importance in molding both the physical and the psychological man, but even so, the well-fed world of the modern social engineer would have its own pitfalls—that is, if men are like mice. When mice were given unlimited food, they became "passive, unintelligent, and less fertile." When the amount was cut down to half of what they would eat if allowed to eat to satiety, they grew smaller, but "more agressive, alert, and very cunning." Most "civilized" diets are so poor that when primitives adopt them, they lose their teeth and fall victim to all sorts of infections. It is commonly recognized that a hot climate is hard on brain work, but the same is true of a very cold one. Men from cold climates cannot adapt themselves to tropical ones, but the opposite does not hold; those from hot climates can adapt to cold ones. These instances will illustrate the range of facts which he thinks can be used for the improvement of mankind.

It is in the section on education and character building that he begins to emerge with a philosophy of man, and the trend of remarks here will be gratifying to most conservatives. Much of this section might be compressed into an "Epistle to the Deweyites." After sketching the tenets of progressive education (which he styles "natural" education as opposed to "didactic") here are some of the things he has to say:

> Natural education . . . was recently tried out in Hamburg, where the pupils were given every liberty, including the right of not attending classes. The failure was complete and resounding. . . . The new methods are ostentatiously careful not to demand too much effort of the student by fiat. It is no doubt disagreeable to force students to do work which is repugnant to them. But should they not be trained in the hard law of work while they are still at a formative stage, and learn early that it is not man's lot to escape toil? . . . Serious culture is not acquired by amusement. School must be a serious thing, even an

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austere matter. It may also be dull and irksome, but should we sacrifice life for childhood, or a part of childhood for life? . . . The campaign against examinations and scholarship competitions is sheer calumny. If the essential mission of intellectual education is to form character, examinations make real sense, for they are tests of the will even more than of the intelligence.

Despite the forthrightness of these and other judgments, I cannot overcome the feeling that this is essentially a softheaded book. On the whole it impresses one as a sequence of more or less agreeable *pensées* rather than a "scientific," or better, philosophical, attack upon the problems of man. These have their incidental value. But what distracts one throughout is the absence of a determining and synthesizing point of view.

The difficulty seems to be this: if one starts with empirical data, there is never any way of getting to moral and ethical judgments unless one is willing to postulate a *tertium quid*, a transcendent third something which can bring the two together in a meaningful relationship. To illustrate: there is no way of getting from evidence that certain diets have made men "loyal, faithful, and brave" to the statement that "In his relationship with his fellows, man must prove his honesty, integrity, and love of justice" in the terms Professor Missenard is willing to use. A mere amiability toward man finally exposes its roots in sentimentalism. Unless there is a dominant image of man, such as Milton was willing to conceive, there is no unconditional reason for trying to save him from his threatened collapse.

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REVIEWED IN BRIEF

THE SEA WAR IN KOREA, by Malcolm W. Cagle and Frank A. Manson (U.S. Naval Institute, $6.00). If war is as Clausewitz said it was, the continuation of political policy by other means, what happens when wars are fought to continue a *lack* of policy? Koreas happen. And for the men who have to do the fighting, it is a dirty and fruitless job. This huge volume tells the Navy's side of it: the early, unprepared actions against time and great odds; the well-done costly jobs, repeated again and again because the original advantage gained was not exploited—politically. But the real purpose behind this book is to show that limited (*i.e.*, Korea-type) wars are presently more likely than unlimited (nuclear) ones, and that the Navy, in such conflicts, has a vital part to play. The authors sell their service short. Not only is a Navy intrinsically vital to a sea power (which we are) but, of all "forces in being," it is the one most likely to be ready to fire the first and most important shot, the one that prevents further fighting. J. P. MCFADDEN

THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN, by Monica Baldwin (Farrar, $3.95). This is Miss Baldwin's *I Leap Over the Wall* coming back for a bow in the guise of a novel. Like Kathryn Hulme's recent best-seller, it makes one hope for some insight into the mystery of religious life, but Miss Baldwin remains a reporter merely of the external oddities and pieties of religions. In this case the reporting is witty and urbane, but the thousand inexplicable details of convent life are not shaped to show any inner pattern. There are some fine moments in the book when the ache of human love unknown, and the shapeless splendor of its promise, are described. But there are many love stories on the market. This book was advertised and will be bought as a book concerned with the religious life; we need to know about the love behind love—normally mute—which an Augustine could put in words. Miss Baldwin cannot. G. WILLS

TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY, by Heinrich Böll (Criterion, $4.50). This is a dramatic account of free Germany's spiritual poverty. It makes strong reading for strong stomachs, although I think the author intended to leave a better taste than he did with me. Herr Böll takes some heart in the human bankruptcy, rather as a man who no longer has to concern himself with his bankrupt business looks toward new beginnings. But is it enough that his Martin and Heinrich can start fresh and ask, "What is IMMORAL?" when their mothers have forgotten how to remember and pray, how to hate and to love? Only God started from scratch; Böll asks too much of these boys who simply grow old facing tomorrow without a yesterday. J. L. WEIL

DOCTOR RABELAIS, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Sheed and Ward, $4.00). Rabelais' younger contemporary and fellow physician, Pierre Boulenger, predicted in elegant Latin verses that he would remain an enigma for posterity, and explained why. Unfortunately no one seems to read (or heed) Boulenger these days—neither the scholars who for many years published a learned journal devoted exclusively to minute explication of Rabelais' grotesque fictions, nor Mr. Lewis,

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who now rises up in scorn and anger to denounce the pedants who "like a pig rooting for truffles," put their noses to the text and "dig for some abstruse explanation." For him, Rabelais' prefatory claim that his extravaganza contains a *doctrine absconce* and *mystères horrificques* is merely a supreme jest: nothing lies beyond the humor except, perhaps, a wine cup too often refilled. But Mr. Lewis himself writes of humor with deadly seriousness when he warns the "academic vultures" to "keep their claws off my beloved Doctor." Two centuries hence men will still be debating the hidden meaning of Rabelais. If, like the ghosts of Celtic heroes, the soul of this ribald and erudite clown looks down upon the earth from a dwelling in the clouds, what Gargantuan laughter must issue from his panomphean mouth! R. P. OLIVER

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING, by Edmund G. Love (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). Mr. Love, himself a one-time down-and-outer, here tells a dozen stories about a margin of Manhattan life which fringes not only the waterfront, Skid Row and the seamier hotels, but far more fashionable and less suspecting purlieus in upper midtown. All of his heroes and heroines are dedicated, but not to a lifework or another person: what absorbs them and tests their mettle is simply the challenge to live by their wits, without jobs, and off someone else's cuff. They vary from alcoholics and the canniest bums on record, to a man who always manages to live in someone else's apartment, and a really astonishing girl who moves from hotel to hotel and succeeds in staving off eviction by the ingenious device of smuggling out all of her clothes (via gentlemen callers) and then challenging the manager and the police to evict her in only a towel. What makes these people more than mere freaks is the quality of their dedication. They are con-men, but they *work* at it. Their activity is never haphazard, careless or improvised. It is scrupulous and highly imaginative, and careerists everywhere could learn from the example of their single-mindedness. R. PHELPS

To the Editor

Mr. de Toledano Objects

There was a time when Vice President Nixon could not sneeze in a theater without charges from the Liberal press that he was trying to infect the actors. Now NATIONAL REVIEW joins this dismal chorus in L. Brent Bozell's column, "Checkmate?" [November 16]. (I subscribe to the devil theory of history, but I believe it can go too far; I am a friend of Mr. Bozell, but he also can go too far.)

It is Mr. Bozell's somewhat startling, and certainly unique, conclusion that Vice President Nixon deliberately intervened in the California situation to prevent a smashing victory by Senator Knowland over Governor Knight. The purpose, Mr. Bozell argues, was to put Mr. Knowland in Mr. Nixon's debt and immobilize him in 1960.

I have long since given up demonstrating to NATIONAL REVIEW that in its attacks on Mr. Nixon it is merely proving that among conservatives it is always lemming season. This, of course, is opinion. Mr. Bozell's column offers his readers "facts." As:

"There was nothing Nixon could do to prevent Knowland from becoming governor. Knowland was immeasurably stronger than Knight—so strong that Nixon could not have tipped the scales even if he were to swallow his pride and throw his support to the Governor."

This extraordinary assertion—compounded by Mr. Bozell's apparent inability to distinguish between primaries and elections—is a neat Talmudic formulation, but it would be categorically denied by any political reporter of reputation, whatever his sympathies. In fact, it had already been denied by the ADA radical, Fulton Lewis, in the equally radical pages of NATIONAL REVIEW.

It was pretty much accepted that Senator Knowland could defeat Knight in the primary. But it was the generally unchallenged consensus that this would leave the Republican Party of California bloodied and divided in a state where it wins elections despite its minority status only through unity. The violence of Democratic reaction to Mr. Knight's Nixon-impelled withdrawal attests to the hopes that had been pinned on a contested gubernatorial primary. Mr. Knowland might well have won the election, but he might just as well have lost. Mr. Nixon would have been hurt in 1960 if a Democratic governor sat in Sacramento, but Mr. Knowland would have been finished—*hors de combat.* Picture his going to the Convention with the plea: "I can't carry my own state, boys, but give me a chance at the country."

There is one other unexplored aspect to Mr. Bozell's argument: It could be true only if Mr. Knowland were an idiot, which he very definitely is not. For if Mr. Bozell, sitting in Washington, could so clearly discern Mr. Nixon's sinister purposes and activities in California, wouldn't they be equally visible to Mr. Knowland? If, as Mr. Bozell says, Mr. Nixon doublecrossed the Senator by endorsing him and eliminating his rival, then the Senator is freed from all obligation to Mr. Nixon and can do his damnedest to take the 1960 Presidential nomination.

But Mr. Bozell—and NATIONAL REVIEW—want it both ways. This is hard on logic—but since when were lemmings logical?

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Mr. Bozell Replies

And I am a friend of Mr. de Toledano. So that I know first hand about his talent for objective, dispassionate political debate—on any subject, that is, but Vice President Nixon.

Several comments, futile, perhaps, are nonetheless in order.

1. It may be that some political reporter of reputation believes Democrat Pat Brown had a good chance of beating Senator Knowland (with or without a GOP primary in the background), but I know of none who has been willing to stake his reputation on that judgment by making it in public.

2. I did not mean to attribute to

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Mr. Nixon "sinister purposes and activities." I think his move was no baser than wanting to be President, and his activities to that end no more Machiavellian than, say, Senator Knowland's decision to run for governor.

3. The unstated assumption in my column was that Nixon and Knowland are political rivals—an assumption which I suspect Messrs. Nixon and Knowland (if not Toledano) share.

Washington, D.C. L. BRENT BOZELL

Challenging the ASPCA

Re: "Puzzle for Khrushchev," November 16. NATIONAL REVIEW "feels sorry for the dog"; I do not. The creation of animals was for the purpose of being of service to man (Genesis II, 26-28). This is precisely what this dog is doing, and so can be said to be fulfilling his purpose . . . more than the majority of his contemporaries or predecessors. . . . To me, the sympathy offered the dog by many Westerners is inhuman, rather than the act of Khrushchev. . . . The fact that so many have more sympathy with one brute than with thousands of maltreated human beings is deplorable.

Lake Forest, Ill. PEGGY HENICAN

Medievalism and John Dewey

Mr. Gent's article on Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence ["Spokesman of His Age," November 23], is hysterical rather than informative. When Taylor recommends that students be given a greater role in developing educational policy he is preaching NOT Deweyism, as Gent thinks, but sheer medievalism, which I for one support. Medieval students in many universities hired and fired the teachers, set curricula, etc.

The objection to Dewey, and Deweyites generally, is not that they preach freedom but it is rather that they do not practice it. They enthrone the authority of Dewey even while claiming to free students from authority.

If student teachers in Columbia or elsewhere were allowed to appoint their own teachers, Deweyism would disappear overnight for Dewey never yet helped even a second grade teacher to work out a successful lesson.

Winooski, Vt. A. P. GIANELLI

ARTS AND MANNERS

(*Continued from p. 522*)

For the Madison Avenue troubleshooter, there was only one cure for TV's elephantiasis—more elephantiasis. (Nightmare Alley is overrun by those who nourish what H. L. Mencken called the "believing mind" —the very people, as he pointed out, who always hold that the best cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy.) That degeneration of taste which is the inevitable concomitant of a mass culture was accelerated by the spiraling of costs and the reaching out for an ever more common denominator. If the reports from Madison Avenue are correct, the malady lingers on. Little lists are being compiled of sponsors who broke away, and the TV tycoons are looking askance at the increase in magazine lineage.

The brighter intellects of television have read the handwriting on the wall. Al Morgan, a prosperous scrivener for the networks, kicked out lustily in a novel, *The Great Man*, and fled to Hollywood. Paddy Chayevsky, a product of TV's *longueurs*, has also moved on to where the VistaVision begins. His television "plays" combined the worst qualities of Clifford Odets and the Stanislavsky method, so they made him a natural for the screen. Charlie Van Doren has taken his Collier-brothers mentality and his not inconsiderable earnings out of the TV parish and moved into wedded bliss where the questions are tougher and every truth has its consequence. It can be safely predicted that he will soon be challenging John Mason Brown's sway over women's club culture.

Meanwhile, there is thunder in the distance as closed circuit and scrambler broadcast pay-TV moves in. If these new methods of torture succeed in imposing even a twenty-five-cent fee on televiewing, they will cut down the size of a required audience fiftyfold. Regular network TV will wither away and the sun will shine no more on Madison Avenue.

It may be then that radio will come back—it has continued to make money all along—and living rooms will once more be consecrated to living, not merely staring. A few television critics will be left without a trade. John Crosby, the *New York Herald Tribune's* assessor of the TV product, will weep—for he is one of the few presumably literate people who really like television. But if he is left moaning at the bar, martini in hand, the damp souls of his readers will console him. And he can blame it all on elephantiasis.

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